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# SAMMY SLIPS THROUGH

— FLORENCE W. TAYLOR —

GERTRAUDE ALMAN

SAMMY whistled merrily as he sorted the outgoing mail for the morning stage. He was glad that this was the morning for the stage-coach to arrive, for he did enjoy the excitement of its arrival, the horses dashing up to the post and the driver deftly coiling his whip for its stock. It would soon be time for Mr. Riley and Danny to be returning from Old Pigeon Ranch. They had gone before sunrise to get old Mr. Smythe to sign the papers so that they could be sent back East by this morning's coach. It was just an hour until the coach was due at Glorieta Pass. Sammy looked around the little room to see if he had all of the mail and express ready so that Mr. Riley could load it quickly. It was all sorted and packed, for there was the mail sack, those boxes by the door, and the sack of silver bullion. The silver bullion had been mined in the Mexican mines of Chihuahua. It was government money and was to be sent to Saint Louis in payment for supplies and guns which had come to Santa Fe by the last caravan from the East. What a lot of money! Sammy was trying to figure out just how much money that bag of silver bullion represented when suddenly he was aroused by a sound of voices and the slow shuffling of feet. The shuffling stopped on the outside of the building, seemingly just on the other side of the wall where Sammy was standing. Two men were talking in low tones and he heard one of the men say,

"If we are goin' to grab that money, we had better do it now. The old man will be back shortly and the coach will soon be due."

"How do you know that it's safe? Maybe there's someone else there besides that kid."

When Sammy realized that these men were talking about him, he leaned over to the adobe wall, laying his ear against it in an effort to hear every word which the men were saying. He was terrified when he understood that the men were planning to seize the silver bullion which was intended for the stage.

"I tell you that I have it all figured out. There's no one else there. The old man and the other boy went over to the

ranch this morning and it won't be long until they are back. Now we'll burst in and scare that boy. You tie him up so's he can't holler and I'll grab the sack of silver and get around to the horse which I have ready behind the corral."

Sammy was so excited that he could hardly keep from screaming. Here were men who were planning to rob the post and take the silver bullion which had been left in his charge. He glanced wildly around the room. What could he do?

"Well, we can chance it, if we are goin' fifty-fifty on this deal," muttered one of the men.

"Sure, there's only two of us to share it. Let's look up the road again to see that there is no one in sight."

Sammy could hear their footsteps as they walked away from the little adobe building. He must think of something, some way to save the bullion and the mail from those rascals. If he could just run off with it and hide until the stage came! But he would not dare run out of the door for they would be coming back and would seize him at the threshold. All of these thoughts flitted across his mind in an instant, as he glanced hurriedly about the room. Suddenly he noticed the hole in the wall which was used occasionally to pass the bullion and express packages through to the stage-coach driver at the back of the trading post. In case of heavy gold dust or silver bullion, they used this hole



*Stop! Stop! cried Sammy*



as a protection from bandits and highwaymen. Sammy's face lighted up in great relief. If only he could wriggle through that hole and gain the corral, he would be safe! He could use that horse which the men had in waiting and ride to meet the stage coach. That would be easy, for once in the corral he could not be seen. He could ride straight down the ravine which was just below the corral and could follow it until he could gain the highway again and meet the stage coach from Santa Fe. He and Danny had ridden through that ravine countless times and he knew every inch of it. He lifted the flap which covered the hole and thrust his head out. He looked all around but could see nothing at the rear of the post save the old corral with its several ponies sleeping at their stalls. This hole wasn't very large for a fourteen-year-old boy to wriggle through, but he was small for his age and desperation would lend skill to his maneuvers.

He pulled his head back, turned and seized the two sacks. These he dropped very cautiously to the ground outside. Then he began to wriggle through the small hole in this adobe wall. He twisted and turned in an effort to get his hips through this narrow aperture. Suddenly he thought he heard the shuffling of feet again. Panic stricken, he gave a lurch which sent him rolling to the ground. He fell upon his arm and hurt it terribly but this was no time for a boy to nurse a hurt. He snatched up the mail bag and the sack of bullion, lay down and started to roll towards the corral. The ground was rough so that each time he rolled upon his injured arm he wanted to cry out in pain. Finally he reached the corral and he knew that he was out of sight of the men. He ran around to the back of the shed and there indeed was a horse, saddled and bridled, waiting for the men. He climbed upon the horse, wound his bags adroitly around the saddle horn and dug his heels into the flanks of the horse. It set off down into the ravine at a rapid rate.

Sammy looked back towards the post but he could see nothing which looked unusual. He kept the horse on the gallop, however, for he had no time to lose if he was to make the highway again in time to catch the stage. As he galloped along he began to wonder what Mr. Riley would say about his going off with the government's silver bullion and the U. S. Mail. Suppose the men had not come to the post after all? How could he explain this foolish venture? Suppose he should miss the stage? He had no idea of when the stage would arrive but he knew that it could not be very long now. He dug his heels into the horse's flanks again to urge him to greater speed. Finally he could see the highway ahead of him. Just as he rode up onto it, he saw the stage coach off in the distance.

He had made it! He began to pull on the reins so that the horse would rear and plunge in front of the stage, for he must stop it.

"Whoa! Whoa! Out of the way, there, boy," screamed the stage driver.

"Stop! Stop!" cried Sammy, keeping his horse directly in the path of the stage.

The driver pulled up short, just missing Sammy by a few feet. "Hey there, boy, what do you mean by stopping the government stage? A few tricks like this and you'll get killed," cried the irate coach driver.

"Oh, sir," gasped Sammy, "I had to stop you. I have the mail sack and the silver bullion for the stage. I'm from Glorieta Pass."

"The mail and the silver bullion from Glorieta Pass! What under the canopy are you doing with it here? Couldn't you wait until we got there? Are you or Mr. Riley crazy? Here, hand it here."

"I can't, sir. You'll have to unwind it from the horn. I can't seem to use this arm, sir."

The driver unwound the sacks, stowed them into the government pouch on the coach and then turned to the boy. "Why, look here, lad, let's see the arm. I do believe that you've broken it." The driver examined the arm, muttering to himself all the while. "You let Tim here ride the horse and you climb up on the driver's seat with me and tell me how you happened to bring the mail down here."

Sammy was glad to obey his orders for he was suddenly very weak and exhausted. As they rode along, he explained the whole situation to the driver, even to his falling down from the express hole and hurting his arm.

"Well, well, just wait until we tell Mr. Riley. He doesn't know that the U. S. Government has found a hero right at its own post. Boy, you'll make an A1 stage coach driver when you are a man. Did you say that the men came into the post?"

"I don't know, sir, I thought that I heard them but I'm not sure. I don't know what Mr. Riley will say, sir."

"Here we are," cried the driver as he cracked his whip as they rounded the bend of the road.

Sure enough there was the little, old, adobe trading post, in front of which stood Mr. Riley peering up at the coach. When the coach stopped, Danny looked up at the high seat and saw Sammy.

"Mr. Riley, Mr. Riley," screamed Danny, "here's Sammy, right here safe on the stage-coach seat."

"Heaven be praised," cried Mr. Riley. "We thought you were kidnapped, my boy. We've had a terrible robbery, the silver bullion and the mail sacks are gone. When we returned from the ranch we found the room broken into and everything in confusion. We supposed that you had been carried off, too, Sammy boy. How did you get to the coach?"

"How did he?" cried the driver. "Why, he saved your mail and the silver. He slipped through the express hole with the sacks and rode to meet me and delivered 'em to me, that's what that boy did."

"What's this? Saved the bullion?" ejaculated Mr. Riley stupidly.

Then Sammy had to tell the whole story again with many expletives and additions from the driver, while Danny laughed and cried for joy all the while, that Sammy was safe and unharmed.

## An Interesting Dinner Party

By M. Louise C. Hastings

"WE had a new member in our Mothers' Club today," said Mother at the dinner table. "It was a Mrs. Carney who has been living in the Philippines for four years. Her husband is a medical student at present and they have come here to live while he carries on his studies. He was an army officer stationed on this distant possession of ours. There is a dear little girl, too, by the name of Betty."

"Oh, Mother! From the Philippine Islands, did you say?" asked Alice. "We are studying them in school. How I'd like to talk with her."

"You might invite them to dinner some night, Mother," suggested Father. "It would be pleasant for us all to hear about the Philippines."

And that is the way things worked out. Not long after, these two guests sat at their table, and the table talk was carefully led toward the Philippine Islands.

"If the Philippine Islands should be pieced together," Captain Carney was saying, "they would cover about as much space as New England."

"As large as that?" spoke up Alice. "Why, on the map they look very small and insignificant!"

"They are by no means insignificant," replied Captain Carney, turning toward Alice. "Agriculturally, the Philippines are among the richest lands on earth, and they produce quantities of sugar, hemp, coconuts, tobacco, and rice. The principal fruit is the banana. But only an area twice the size of Massachusetts is under cultivation. There are vast forest lands, and high mountains. There are volcanoes, too, and some of them are active. Nearly all the soil has been built up by eruptions of these volcanoes."

"They have a public school system there that is one of the best in the world," spoke up Mrs. Carney. "Until



the Captain decided to make a change and study medicine, I supposed we would be located there indefinitely, so I made quite a study of the schools."

"Were you a teacher before you married?" asked Father.

"Yes, and I suppose that may explain my interest in the schools," replied their guest. "There are normal schools, high and grade schools, trade schools, private schools and academies, and several large universities right in Manila, the capital. There are sixty thousand pupils just in that one city in public schools, and about twenty thousand more students in private schools!"

"Why, I had no idea education was so advanced there," said Father. "Do the children want to attend school, or are they obliged to go?"

"They cry when not allowed to go," said Mrs. Carney. "All kinds of sacrifices are made in their homes in order to allow children to attend school. Many students work their way through. Most of the teachers are natives, and instruction is all in English."

"I didn't know that the natives could speak English," said Alice.

"There are many dialects on these islands, but English is fast becoming the common language," continued Mrs. Carney. "The children sing 'The Star-Spangled Banner' just as you do. They do many things that would interest you, Alice, for they have similar activities to yours. They have school gardens, for example, and school playgrounds. Baseball is the national game, and little children play 'Ring around a-rosy' and 'London Bridge is falling down'."

How Alice was enjoying this table talk! It was just what she wanted to hear, and it was bringing her school work close. She was sorry when the conversation took a new turn, but after they were all seated before the pretty log fire in the living room, Alice asked a question that directed it back to the Philippines.

"I thought there were people in the Philippines who were not educated," she said. "Am I wrong?"

"No, you are right," replied Mrs. Carney. "There are wild tribes, but they are a small fraction of the population. They are pagans and believe in spirits of the forest and mountain. They live under primitive conditions and have peculiar customs and religious prejudices, but in time they too will have higher standards of living. There is splendid work being done by American citizens among these wild tribes. Human sacrifices have almost disappeared and schools have been started to teach the people how to make the most of themselves in their environment. Then there are other tribes showing various grades of culture."

"I have read *The Filipino Twins*, by Lucy Fitch Perkins," said Alice, "and it tells about the houses of some of the



### Cleaning House in Fatville

By WILLIAM THOMPSON

Old Mrs. Tabby Pussy Kat,  
And her daughters, Fluff and Jean,  
Are very proper Kat and Kits,  
And keep their house so clean  
That not a speck of dust or dirt  
Can anywhere be seen.  
The Kats and Kits of Katville

Thought their habits were so nice  
They all began to clean and sweep,  
Instead of hunting mice.  
And every little boy or girl  
Who reads these lines should be  
As proper as the Kat and Kits  
You in this picture see.

natives which are made of bamboo and are built five feet from the ground. I should hate to have to climb a ladder every time I went into my house!"

"So should I," laughed Mother.

"These thatched farm huts are built away from the ground so that the floors may be clear of water during the rainy season," explained their guest. "Carabaos and other livestock live underneath. But the village houses of well-to-do people are of stone and wood and have beautiful gardens around them."

"One of the best books on the Philippine Islands is *Through the Philippines*, by Frank G. Carpenter," spoke up Captain Carney. "I know that you would enjoy reading it. And especially is it interesting this year, 1930, when the World Friendship Project is directing the attention of many people to these islands."

"I see by the newspapers that independence for the Philippines has become an issue in Washington," said Mother.

"Yes," responded Captain Carney, "but there is great difference of opinion on the islands regarding the matter."

When there was an opportunity, Alice asked Mrs. Carney if she saw many carabaos.

"They were never out of sight," she said. "They are the beasts of burden. They do all the plowing, draw primitive carts with huge wheels, and in fact do all the farm work. Another name for them is water buffalo, and a rightful

name it is, for they would rather wallow in muddy water than do anything else. They have only a few pores in their hide for the skin is very heavy and it must be wet down every few hours or the beasts would go mad from the heat and work."

Alice always remembered this dinner party with its conversations about the Philippines!

### Messengers

By RUTH MELICK GRIFFITH

I heard a robin  
Singing in a tree.  
"You may not know it,  
But Spring's here," sang he.  
"I see the budding  
Of this maple bough;  
You may not know it,  
But Spring's coming now."

I saw a crocus  
Lifting high its head.  
"You may not know it,  
But Spring's here," it said.  
"I heard the whispers  
Of soft gentle rain;  
You may not know it,  
But Spring's here again."

"I wish I had a baby brother to wheel in my go-cart, Mamma," said small Elsie. "My dolls are always getting broken when it tips over."—*Boston Transcript*.



# THE BEACON CLUB

## The Editor's Post Box

Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

247 WEST FIFTH ST.,  
ERIE, PA.

Dear Editor: I would like very much to join the Beacon Club. Once a month, in our church school, we have what we call a "Family Night" affair. Our mothers, fathers, and friends join with us in a picnic supper; then we have a program. We do lots of tricks, games, and sometimes we have little dialogues. Next time we are going to have an exhibition of things we have made ourselves.

I go to the First Unitarian Church of Erie, Pa. My teacher's name is Mrs. Coe. Mrs. A. J. Sterrett has been superintendent of the Sunday school for 28 years. We have a birthday bank and a Hungarian Relief Fund.

Yours very truly,  
CHARLOTTE FEGELY.

We have letters from the teacher and four members of a class in Hopedale, Mass., all of whom are joining our Club. We will let one of the boys speak for the class:

Dear Editor: I am in the second grade. I go to the Unitarian Sunday School. I am eight years old. My teacher's name is Miss Redgrave. Mr. Tegarden is my minister. I would like to become a member of the Beacon Club.

Sincerely,

RICHARD P. WHIPPLE.

The other members of the class are Virginia J. Creighton (7); Miriam E. Noyes (7); Natalie Washburn (6).—Ed.

TELLICO PLAINS, TENN.

Dear Editor: I go to Sunday School most every Sunday. My teacher's name is Vesta Davis. The minister is Rev. Jesse Eddington. I am twelve years old. I would like to become a member of the Beacon Club, and I would like to hear from some of the Beacon Club members.

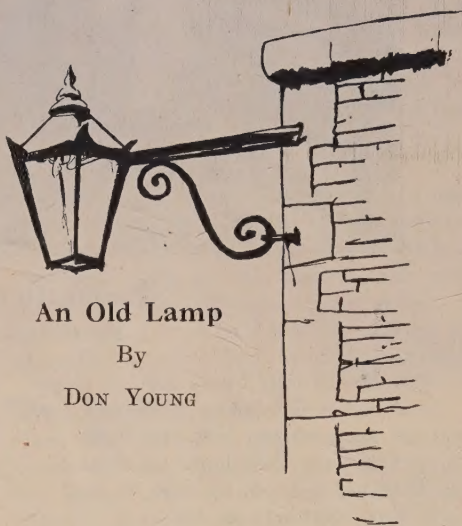
Yours truly,  
ESTA MAE PLEMONS.

Other new members of our Club are Betty and Carl Maurice and Sidney Wicks McCartney, Barneveld, N. Y.; Lois Fuller, Normal, Ill.; Florence MacKenzie, Andover, N. H.; Betty Badger, Portsmouth, N. H.; Elizabeth Muenschner, Ithaca, N. Y.

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



An Old Lamp

By

DON YOUNG

Years of serving have made thee beautiful

As through dark hours thy light  
Shines over the best pathway.

Thou art old, O lamp,  
And have helped many.  
Man can learn much from thee,  
For he is a lamp and must burn  
To shed a light where others best may tread.

## The Shepherd

Here we are on the mountain side with a little boy who is watching his sheep.

When he has watched his sheep for a long time, it will be lunch time. And he goes to a rock and eats his lunch. When he has finished it he watches his sheep until night. Then it is time to go home. They go down the mountain.

His mother is very glad to see him. She has supper all ready for him. After supper he goes to bed very early so that he can get an early start in the morning.

In winter the snow is very deep. One day in winter Helmi saw that the snow was so deep that it covered the door. Before Helmi could go to his sheep he had to shovel away the snow. This happened many times.

CLARA SHEA (Age 9).

Kansas City, Missouri.

New members in Massachusetts are,—Sidney Sawyer, Berlin; Marjorie Broome, Beverly; Barbara Mann, North Easton; Russell Valentine, Northboro; Margaret Castner, Waltham.

## Puzzlers

### Double Acrostic

All the words are of five letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the first letters downward spell the name of a spring bird (plural), and the fourth letters downward spell the name of a bird which sings upon arrival (plural).

1. A swamp
2. A mistake
3. To expiate
4. To avoid
5. Corpulent
6. Twists out of shape
7. A flowering bush
8. To worship
9. Sounds made by lions
10. Japanese palanquins
11. What winter brings

M. L. C. H.

### What is "It"??

It comes from the North and from the South,

From East and West it comes:  
Swiftly traveling miles and miles  
To the doors of many homes.

It is not wind, it is not light,  
Nor is it rain or snow;

It may be strange or gay or good,  
Or it may be filled with woe.

Four letters spell it and indicate  
Four ways from which it comes—  
Morning and evening, soon or late  
To offices, streets and homes.

ALICE A. KEEN.

### Answers to Puzzles in No. 22

Chilly Charades.—1. Cold-snap. 11. Frost-bite.

Suggested Rivers.—1. Oder. 2. Po. 3. Delaware. 4. Tombigbee. 5. Arno. 6. Neuse. 7. Seine.

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